



(Tough)

i'm so fucking
beautiful

#2½

this zine is for those of you with
skinny privilege.

and this is the LAST time that i'm
gonna point out yr privilege/fucking
abusiveness for you.

Q(yeah right nomy)

yeah again and again i've found that
i'm the only one i know the only one
around who's gonna always be dealing
with

i know you've heard this before.

draw the parallels where you see
them.

♥nomy

YOU NEED TO BE TALKING TO OTHER
SKINNY7NON-FAT PEOPLE ABOUT YOUR
PRIVILEGE.

FAT OPPRESSION.



scene four:

this zine. i hope you realize that
this zine is for you. talking
about this is painful for me and
there is honestly no reason for me
to be doing it except ~~xxxxx~~ that i

~~am pointing out to you (skinny/ non-
fat person) your non-involvement in
fighting this form of oppression.
yes, support is nice, but it's not
enough. you NEED to be thinking
about this on your own~~

i'm reading some of this over to myself and i'm worried that i'm not making myself clear. i'm worried that this isn't as articulate and rational as my writing usually is and you won't understand.

(if you don't understand then please don't ask me because that means you're missing the point entirely. talk to someone else about what you think all of this might mean.)

YEAH everyone knows that when there's something sizeist, nomy's the one to tell. nomy's the one who will do something about it. ask nomy what to do. or just sit around and wait to see what nomy will do.

I AM NOT A WALL OF STEEL. I DON'T ALWAYS KNOW WHAT TO DO.

(I DON'T ever know what to do...)

i know that you are working on your
sizeism, i know that you support me
and understand me .

but does it only go as far as your
interactions with me?

i don't know what i'm saying.
i don't know anything.

and the sad sad makes me mad part
of this is that he really doesn't
have any idea why i would be mad at
him.

~~THE~~ once again it is my obligation
to point out to skinny kids the ways
in which they are abusing their
privilege/ abusing ME.

he put a note under my door today
that says he knows i don't like him
and
HE DOESN'T KNOW WHY.

AND CAN WE PLEASE HAVE A CIVIL
CONVERSATION ABOUT IT?

(and can i please please keep
my accommodating self from being
civil to him can i please promise
myself that?)



xxx scene one;

i am at this spoken word performance
thing with some friends and there
are these women doing this "comedy"
routine and this woman is making the
most offensive fat jokes she is
basically saying that fat women are
stupid and lazy and mean and petty
and bitchy and have poor fashion
sense and isn't this what i've been
hearing my entire life?



you don't deserve
this space in my zine.

X



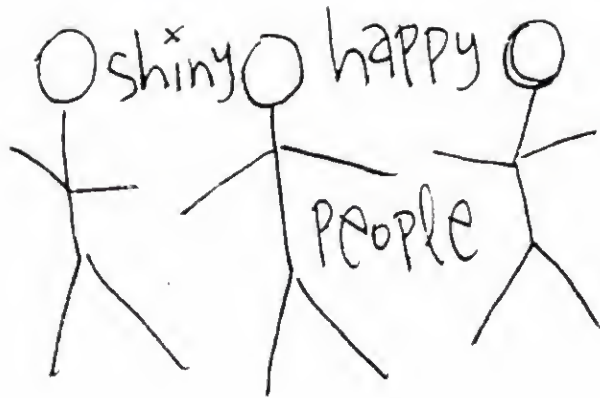
X

kill you
boy

scene three:

this is the worst because it takes place in my own apartment.

this fukin dumbass boy is in my apartment with my roommate and he ~~xxx~~ tells her that to him FAT SYMBOLIZES WEALTH AND AMERICAN GREED. this is ~~is~~ not something new i know that this is a common rationalization/justification for fat hating. i know that fukin ian mckaye (or however you spell that) has said that before. but this is a boy who i would have



scene two:

i'm at a show it's my favorite band
and a boy in the audience says this
really fucked up thing about fat people
and everyone around hears and looks at
me and i try to say something to the
band to get them to say something
about it and as usual everyone around
me is looking at me (pity me) and
wondering what I'm gonna do about it.
the boy on ~~xxx~~ stage doesn't get it
he says something about people

(Thank you
♡ Michelle
noel♡)

those hundreds of people and i
really really hope that those kids
are talking to EACH OTHER about fat
oppression and not just to me.

(i am crying.)

"not being very nice" and starts
the next song. wow this band is so
political they do really great things
and everybody in the ~~the~~ audience is
clapping and hooting etc. but i'm
sobbing i'm hysterical. (but i don't
have a microphone in my hand so
nobody's paying any attention.)
after the song the boy on stage comes
to me and asks me what's going on
and asks me to get on stage and say
something. (i can't do that right
now i'm too vulnerable i'm too angry
i'm too hysterical) i try to tell

him what happened but he tells me
he's not there to have a long con-
versation with me and i offer to
leave i say i'll talk to him later
if punk rock is more important.

(how dare i imply that?)

so... long ~~xxxx~~ story short, i end
up getting on stage and making a
speech of some sort about how i'm
sick of people standing around
apathetically when people say abusive
sizeist shit. i can't really
remember what i said exactly but

i do remember saying that i know
I KNOW THAT If somebody had said
~~xx~~ something blatantly sexist or
racist then SOMEBODY WOULD HAVE DONE
SOMETHING. why is sizeism/ fat
oppression viewed as being less
important~~xx~~?

(i am listened to now because now
i have a microphone in my hand now
i am a ROCK STAR.)

i hope i really really hope that
there was a reason for me to show
myself at my most vulnerable to all

but it's really not cuz i'm mean
i'ts not cuz i'm a bitch (i'm one
of the most accommodating people i
know) it's cuz

he hurt me bad

and he deserves this.

he deserves to have his reputation
&(dopey-but-harmless-nice-guy)

R U I N E D.



i take this as a difect attack on me and on any other fat person in the kroom. and my friends are all there and yeah they know that this is fucked up but what does it mean to them is it hurting them in the way that it's hurting mex? this whole time i'm trying to think of what i can do. what can i do. i've gotta do something i've gotta do something and if i don't then nobody will NOBODY ELSE WILL.

(why why won't they do something why don't they say something can't they see that this is hurting me why won't

for the first time in my life i'm dealing with this in a really mean way. i'm a bitch. i'm openly rude to him i put a sign on the door to my apartment saying "fuck xxxx xxxxxx" (but i'm still protecting him by not using his name why?) i'm telling all my friends that he's a fukin abusive dumbass idiot fucker and i honestly don't care if he's hurt.

NO
EXCUSE.

they

HELP ME.)

but this is MY issue right? this is my problem. how could anyone else be expected to deal with this in the RIGHT way?

and i always have to be so cool calm collected articulate smart and political. and if i'm crying it's only because it strengthens my argument. i am strong strong strong.

(i am not strong i honestly don't know what to do)

i (of course) excuse my friends i
can't expect them to know how to
deal with this shit. i tell them i'm
mad and then say "but i understand
and it's okay."

i ~~XXXX~~ won't excuse you anymore.

(but that sounds so definite and
i know i'm
not that strong.)

considered a friendly acquaintance
THIS IS IN MY OWN FUCKING APARTMENT.
i'm not there of course, but this
asshole knows that i live here, he
knows that he's talking to a close
friend of mine. ~~xx~~

i know that this boy is a total
fucking idiot and he probably just
heard someone say that on mtv and
after my roommate argued with him for
two minutes he changed his mind. but
i don't care. he said something that
hurt me really bad x and i'm not
ever gonna forgive him cuz there is